

LETTER from DONALD MACPHERSON,²⁸ a young Lad who
was sent to *Virginia* with Captain *Toline*, in the Year 1715. on
account of his having joined his Chieftain in the Cause of his
KING and Country ; he was born near the Hoofe of *Col'oun*,
where his Father then lived.

Portobago in *Marylan*, te 2d June 1717.

Teer, loſen anſt kynt Fater,

DIS is to lat you ken dat I am in guid Healt, plissed bi GOD for dat, houp-
in te heer de lyk fræ you. As I am your hane Sinn, I wad a bine ill-
leart gin I had na latten you ken tis by Kaptin *Ragir's* Skip dat geans
te *Inverness*, per cunnan I dinna ket sika anitter Apertunitie dis Towmon
agen. De Skip dat I kam in was a lang Tym o de See cumin oure heir ;
bat plissit pi GOT for a Ting, wi a kipit our Heels unco weel pat *Shonie MagWillivray*,
dat hat ay a fair Heet. Dere was saxty o's a kame inte te Quintry hel a Lit and Lim,
and nane o's a dyit pat *Shonie MagWillivray* and anitter *Ross* Lad dat kam oure
wi's ; and may pi dem Fwa wad a dyik gin tey hed bitten at hanc, gin tey haebis
hangit be *Cukil Shordie*, or felt be his cursed Red-Cuits ; tey tuik fae me my pony Cun,
Pestil, Turk and Pled, and leſt me neting. Pe my Fait I kanna komplin for kumin
te dis Quintry, for Mestir *Nicks*, LORT pliss him, pat mi till a pra Mestir, dey ca him
Shon Bayne, and hi lies in *Marylant*, in te Rifer *Potomak*, hi nifer gart mi wurk ony
Ting pat fat I lykit myself ; de meaſt o a my Wark is waterin a pra ſtennt Hors, and
prinjin Wyn and Pread ut o de Sellir to my Mestir's Tebil. Sin efer I kam til him, I
hefer wantit a Potle of petter Ele nor is in a *Shon Glass Hous* ; for I ay sat toun wi de
Pairns te Dennir. My Mestir feys til me, Fan I kan speek lyk de Fouk hier, dat I
fanna pi pidden di nating pat gar his Plackimors wark ; fō de fyt Fouk hier dinna iſe
te wark pat te first Yeer efer dey kum in te de Quintry : Tey speek a lyke de Sogers in
Inerness.

Lofen Fater, Fan de Servants hier he deen wi der Mestirs they grou unco rich, and
its ne wonder, for dey mak a hantil o Tombako, and de Switis, and Apels, and de
Shirries, and de Pires, grou in de Wuds wantin Tyks aput dem ; de Swynes, de Teus,
an Durkies giangs in de Wuds wantin Mestirs ; de Tumbako grouſt ſhūſt lyke de De-
kins at de Bak o de Lairts Yart ; and de Skips dey kum fræ ilka Plece, and bys dem,
and gies a hantel o Silder and Gier for dem. My nane Mestir kam til de Quintry a
Servant, and weil I wat hes now wort mony a Susan Punt. Fait ye mey pelive mi,
de pireſt Plantir hire lies ameſt as weil as de Lairt o *Gollottin*. Mey pi fan my Tym
is ut I wol kom hem and sie yow, pat not for de first nor de neeſt Yeer, til I gaik
ſomting o my nane ; for fan I ha deen wi my Mestir, hi maun gi mi a Plantashion,
and ſet me up, its de Quistum hier in dis Quintrie ; and syn I houp te gar yow trink
Wyn inſteat o Tippeni in *Inerness*. I wiſſ I het kum owr hier twa or tri Yeirs ſeener
nor I dit, syn I wad ha kum de ſeener hame ; put GOT bi tankit dat I kam ſa ſeen
as I dit. Gin ye koud ſen mi owr be ony o yur *Inerness* Skips ony Ting te mi, an it
war as mukle Crays as mak a Queit, it wad mey pe gar my Mestir tink te mare o mi :
Its trw, I ket Clais aneu fe him, bat ony Ting fe yu wad luk weil and pony. And
ant pleſe GOT, gin I life, I fall pey yu pack agen.

Lofen Fater, De Man dat vryts dis Letir for mi, is van *Shames Mackeyne*, he lies ſhūſt
a Myl fe mi ; he has been unco kyn te mi ſin efer I kam te de Quintrie ; hi was born in
Petie, and kam owr a Servant fe *Klescon*, and hes been his nane Man twa Yeirs, and
hes ſex Plakimors wurkin til him alrety, makin Tumbako ilka Tay ; heil win hem
ſhortly, and a te Geir dat he hes wun heir, and py a Lertskip at hem. Luik dat ye
dinna forket te vryt til mi ay fan ye ket ony Ocashion. GOT Almlghte pliss you, *Fa-
ter*, and a de leve o de Hous, for I hena forkoten nane o yu, nor dinna yu forket mi.
For pliss GOT I fal kum hem wi Gier aneuch, to di yu a and my nane ſel guid. I
weit ye will bi veri vokie fan ye ſi yur nane Sin's Fefh agen, for I heve leart a hantil
hevins ſen I ſau yu, and I am unco Buik leirt. I houp tey he ſheſt mi te me Crace.

GOT blis our ain King *SHAMES* yet nu, I'm verie ſire te LOR D wul ſent him
pack agen te *Skotlan*, to I ſud niver ſee te Tay. Got ſene him, I wull prey tat a me Tays.

A tis is fe yur nane loſen and opedient Sin,

TONAL MAKAFERSON.

Directed, For Shames Makaferson, neir te Lairt of Collottins's Hous neir Inerness, in de
Nort o Skotlan.